

SPORTING MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

BERGER AND BILLIARDS.
SPARRING EXHIBITION.—ALF. WALKER'S BENEFIT.
SKATING AT FAIRMOUNT AND ELSEWHERE.
A PROFUSION OF GAME, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, December 22, 1860.
Broadstuffs, stocks and King Cotton, under the almost intolerable pressure of the times, have sustained an absolutely downward tendency; but billiards, since the advent of M. Berger, show a decidedly upward appreciation, and Bird's saloon, on Monday evening last, presented a lively scene, not only in the room in which M. Berger holds forth, but in the large room of the proprietor, in which, to judge by appearances, it would seem that a financial depression did not exist. At eight o'clock precisely, the Frenchman prepared for his great exhibition. His opponent on this occasion was M. Victor Estefie, a superb player, as will be seen by the score. About one hundred gentlemen were present. M. Berger's fourteenth shot was a magnificent masse shot, which wonderfully pleased the spectators. In his twenty-third shot, he exhibited another grand display of the terrific force contained in his masse shot. In the same shot, his opponent produced a count by a beautiful carom shot, in which five cushions were taken to accomplish the desideratum. It will be seen, also, that M. Estefie made the largest score, a fact which evidently pleased his scientific content more than any one else. The following is the accurate score:

BERGER.	ESTEFIE.	BERGER.	ESTEFIE.
1. 2	0	17. 0	32
2. 2	0	18. 7	39
3. 2	0	19. 5	44
4. 0	4	20. 1	45
5. 0	4	21. 6	51
6. 4	8	22. 3	54
7. 0	8	23. 1	55
8. 10	18	24. 13	63
9. 0	18	25. 6	74
10. 0	18	26. 5	79
11. 0	18	27. 1	80
12. 3	21	28. 5	85
13. 2	23	29. 1	88
14. 1	24	30. 6	92
15. 2	26	31. 3	100
16. 6	32	0	0

On Tuesday evening M. Berger played a discount game with a gentleman named Bruce. Annexed is the score:—

BERGER.	BRUCE.	BERGER.	BRUCE.
1. 2	0	22. 0	59
2. 2	0	23. 14	73
3. 6	8	24. 1	74
4. 0	8	25. 3	77
5. 0	8	26. 3	80
6. 1	9	27. 0	89
7. 0	9	28. 3	83
8. 0	9	29. 0	83
9. 0	9	30. 4	87
10. 2	11	31. 0	87
11. 0	11	32. 0	87
12. 0	12	33. 5	92
13. 0	12	34. 1	93
14. 7	19	35. 0	93
15. 18	32	36. 1	95
16. 1	33	37. 11	108
17. 13	48	38. 0	106
18. 0	49	39. 0	108
19. 0	49	40. 2	108
20. 6	53	41. 3	111
21. 6	59	42. 2	116

On Wednesday evening M. Berger discounted Mr. Davis, with the following result. The game was a lengthy, but quite interesting one:—

BERGER.	DAVIS.	BERGER.	DAVIS.
1. 7	0	31. 4	107
2. 2	0	32. 0	107
3. 3	12	33. 0	107
4. 0	12	34. 0	107
5. 7	19	35. 4	111
6. 1	20	36. 0	113
7. 0	20	37. 0	113
8. 0	20	38. 3	116
9. 2	22	39. 1	117
10. 14	36	40. 0	119
11. 8	39	41. 1	120
12. 1	40	42. 0	121
13. 2	42	43. 0	121
14. 0	42	44. 0	121
15. 10	52	45. 0	121
16. 5	57	46. 4	125
17. 1	58	47. 0	124
18. 4	63	48. 0	124
19. 1	63	49. 0	140
20. 4	67	50. 0	141
21. 0	67	51. 0	141
22. 25	91	52. 0	141
23. 0	91	53. 4	143
24. 2	94	54. 0	143
25. 1	94	55. 0	143
26. 0	99	56. 1	145
27. 0	99	57. 1	146
28. 0	99	58. 5	151
29. 4	103	59. 2	153
30. 0	103	60. 0	153

A sparring exhibition, for the benefit of Alf Walker, took place at the Art Union, Sixth, below Arch street, on Monday evening, 17th instant.

The sparring commenced with the introduction of Jack Hassen, of Philadelphia, and a Mr. Lyng, late of Glasgow, Scotland. Hassen is a very good sparrer, but on this occasion he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, as his opponent was easily vanquished.

The next couple were Messrs. Thomas and Williams, of Philadelphia, both amateurs. This display was, if not scientific, at least laughable, as they flubbed away at each other in good style, until both were completely exhausted. This set to produced considerable merriment.

The next couple introduced were Jim Smith, of this city, and George Morgan, of Chicago. This, like the first set to, was an uninteresting one. Morgan was about as well qualified to contend with his active antagonist as an amateur would be with John C. Heenan.

After two rounds, occupying three minutes, it was all up with Morgan. Again came Jack Hassen and a Mr. McNeil, of New York. This was something better than any of the preceding matches, although McNeil is not much to be admired for his style, as he comes the "drop game" too often. He has a slight knowledge of the art, although no match for Hassen.

The next display was between Jack Hassen and Smith, "the Barber." This was very good; considerable science and caution, as well as good humor and hard raps, when the opportunity offered, being the paramount desire of the contestants.

The wind-up was between Alf Walker and Pete Bradley. When this was announced, Alf came forward and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, for the kind manner in which you have called on me to come forward, as well as for the numerous friends whom I see around me, I return my grateful thanks. It is necessary for me to make an apology for the want of a higher order of sparrers. I have been disappointed very much, and am sorry for it. (Cries of "It's all right, Alf," and "You deserve better treatment.") I have not come to this country with any intention of fighting, only to earn for myself an honest living. I have made arrangements to open an establishment for the instruction of the "manly art," and will be happy to see my friends there. My charges will be moderate, and my attention unwearied. My past conduct, I have reason to know, is a sure guarantee that I will receive a continuance of your kindness. Again I thank you."

This was received with great applause. When Pete came forward, he was loudly cheered. Both gentlemen shook hands and went to work.

There was not only the most interesting portion of the entertainment, but a superb display of the manly art. The time occupied in their set to was about fifteen minutes, during which both men gave unmistakable evidences of their science and strength. Their good humor throughout produced a like effect upon the audience, who seemed highly delighted. Notwithstanding the reputation of Mr. Walker, Bradley, who is an excellent sparrer, and a solid and determined looking person, kept the little ex champion busy at work. At the end of this bout, which terminated the performance of the evening, the crowd, after applauding the benefactors, quietly dispersed.

An exhibition of the "manly art" came off on Friday evening, the 14th inst., on Third street, for the benefit of Professor Wilson. The sparring was very limited, and poor. The affair wound up with

a passage-at-arms between Professor Wilson and Dutch Pete. The exhibition was sparsely attended.

Agropor, there seems to be an universal desire, on the part of a large number of our citizens, that the "Benevolent Boy," in his wanderings, should drop in at the right-angled village. I have heard this frequently expressed, and in answer to numerous inquiries, have stated that I believed he would give an exhibition in this city ere long.

The luxuries and dainties of the winter season have been realized to a considerable extent during the past week. On Monday and Tuesday, thousands of the sterner sex assembled at Fairmount, to participate in the exhilarating and interesting sport of skating. On Tuesday afternoon, particularly, about twenty-five hundred persons were mounted on skates at this favorite resort. Two or three small gulches on the Delaware, as well as the marsh in the lower part of the park, have been frozen hard enough to admit of skating, and in the fore part of the week, hundreds were to be seen gliding fantastically over these congealed surfaces.

From the interior of the State large quantities of all kinds of game are daily arriving, such as pheasants, wild geese, quails, partridges, ducks, venison, squirrels, and rabbits. Sportsmen inform me that all kinds of game are more plenty than usual, and epicures are in ecstasies at the excessively low prices demanded for these delectable dishes.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Also, wines, liquors, cigars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gilling, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A. room and other facilities are also at times ready to give lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep.

THE FAIRSTAFF.—ISBY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone in the chamber.

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by post on receipt of price, 25 cents.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cents.

THE INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

NEWBOLD'S GREAT PICTURE.

This mammoth memento of the Great Prize Fight between Heenan and Sayers, for the Championship of England, is now ready for sale, and may be had at this office. This picture is probably the largest one of the kind ever published, and contains likenesses of more than 200 sporting men of all nations. Heenan and Sayers are in the centre of the ring, in position, while their seconds are in their respective positions. In the foreground are grouped together portraits of Morrissey, Cunningham, Bryant, Lawrence, and other well known New Yorkers, and surrounding the ring are many others whose portraits may be recognized. Mr. George Kowley is the agent for the sale of the print in America, and he is using every effort in his power to give it an extended circulation.

Up to the present time, only the plain or tinted pictures have been received, copies of which we will forward on the receipt of six dollars each.

Orders sent to the CLIPPER office will be immediately attended to. The picture will only prove an ornament to every bar-room, but will attract hundreds wherever it is exhibited. No saloon should be without a copy.

JEMMY MASSEY.—Several of the city dailies last week asserted that Jemmy Massey had "flew the track." Jemmy, I will probably be remembered, had a difficulty with an officer some months ago, in the course of which the officer is said to have come on second best. Thereupon a charge of assault, etc., was preferred against the pug, and he was bound over to answer at Court. The case was called on some weeks ago, but at the request of Massey's counsel, a postponement was granted. It was again called up a week or two since, but owing to some misunderstanding, Jemmy was not there, and his bail was required for the meantime, the papers, as usual, sent Jemmy to various places, England, Australia, etc., but on Friday last, his counsel stated that Massey had not absconded, but was ready for trial, and the case was set down for Monday, December 24th.

PRIZE BATTLE AT NEW ORLEANS.

JIMMY WILLIAMS AND BILLY RYAN THE CONTESTANTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN ROUNDS IN TWO HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES.

Condensed from the New Orleans Weekly True Delta.

One of the most gallant and protracted fights ever seen in that neighborhood came off early on the morning of the 9th inst., on the Metairie Ridge, outside of the City Park. The various roads leading to the place were covered with carts, carriages, cabs, and all sorts of vehicles, at an early hour, all making their way with all possible dispatch to the spot selected for the trial between James Williams and Billy Ryan, which was to decide the great question as to which of them was the "best man." Although the affair had been well managed in point of secrecy, there were at least a thousand persons on the spot. The persons acting as managers disposed with the usual posts whereon to fasten the rope, and a circle was hastily formed by backing up in the form of a ring the carts, carriages, cabs, etc., and passing the ropes through the wheels. Every vehicle was crowded with spectators, and the vast space between and under the carts, cabs, etc., was filled with human heads and faces of persons anxious to see the great fight. Williams and Ryan entered the ring quite cheerfully, and were very affectionately treated by their respective friends. Besides the money previously bet by themselves, a purse of about \$50 was raised upon the spot by a few bystanders, and was given to the winning man. The friends of Ryan were largely in the majority, as was evident from the character of the cries from the crowd and the applause which greeted every well directed blow from his skillful fists. Both men having had their toilets attended to by their respective seconds, and all preliminaries having been duly arranged, no time was lost in commencing.

Round 1. On the first round both men came up quite lively, and there was considerable sparring before any blow was struck. Williams labored more than Ryan with his hands, and appeared in constant dread of a hit. Ryan drove Williams into the latter's corner, striking the first blow, but Williams left heavy marks on Ryan's lips, drawing blood, and a knockdown. This was the signal for great applause from the friends of Williams, and thus gained the two important items of first blood and first knockdown.

2. Both made good hits and fell, Ryan being under.

3. Some smart exchanges and Williams soon fell.

4. Severe blows on both sides, Williams doing the best work, although he fell.

5. This was a terrible round, strong and effective blows being exchanged, and Williams falling against the rope. At the conclusion of this round there was loud applause on the side of Ryan.

6. Skilful sparring and severe blows on each side, Williams down.

7. Williams came to time with a smile, but soon received a stunner, which knocked him down.

8. Williams received some severe blows and fell. His friends here cried out "foul," and there was considerable talk and excitement.

After a few good blows on each side of Williams' face, he fell on his knees.

10. Both parties delivered good blows, Williams improving. Up to this round he had acted almost entirely on the defensive. They struggled together, but Williams got loose by a good movement, and before a blow could reach him he fell on his knees.

11. Williams gave a few heavy blows and then dropped on his knees.

12. Some sparring, and as soon as Ryan was about to strike a heavy blow, Williams dropped, and the hand of Ryan opened and fell gently on Williams' head.

13. Williams gave some good blows, and as they were about being turned on him, he dropped. Here the friends of Williams cried, "Don't run up to him too fast—let him come to you," by which advice Williams profited.

14. Several hard exchanges and Williams fell.

15. Ryan received a few severe knocks and Williams dropped, so that the fist of Ryan opened and fell upon Williams' head pattingly.

16. 17, and 18, similar to the preceding round.

19. This was a desperate encounter, and Williams fell heavily.

20. Williams did pretty well, but fell severely. The betting greatly in favor of Ryan.

21 and 22. Williams soon got into a tight place, and, as usual, dropped in both rounds.

23. Williams dropped before any damage was done.

24. Ryan commenced quickly, giving good blows, and Williams, to end them, fell.

25. A few blows and both dropped.

26. After several severe and scientific blows by Williams, he was knocked down.

27. Williams received some hard blows and fell.

28. When Williams came to time his face was a peeper looked bad and swollen. Ryan struck one good blow, Williams backed and fell.

29. Williams gave a heavy blow, but was himself hit on the eye and dropped.

Williams, who had up to this round come to time leisurely, came quite lively when "time" was called. Each struck some good blows, and Williams dropped.

31. In this round Ryan was badly punished, and Williams dropped.

32. This time Williams again did very well, giving some excellent blows, and then fell.

33. Not much sparring, but both quickly giving blows. Ryan was driven to the ropes and Williams fell on him every.

34. Tremendous blows on each side, Williams doing very well. Both fell and Ryan smiled.

35 to 40. Ryan came up excited and showed weakness; Williams, however, continued his drop game, which much disgusted the spectators, and in the 40th round, loud cries of "foul" were heard.

41. Williams received some severe blows and fell. Ryan was driven to the ropes and Williams fell on him every.

42. The complaint was not without cause, as Williams was struck one or two severe blows after he was down. We were somewhat surprised at this, as up to this time Ryan appeared very anxious to avoid foul blows, and had acted very gracefully whenever his opponent fell.

This cry of foul was taken up by the spectators generally; the seconds became excited, and the referee, of great decision, Williams was lifted over the rope and taken away by his friends.

After considerable talk and negotiation, the referee decided that the fight should not terminate thus, and as it was a fight to see who was the best man, the strict rules of the P. R. should not be technically adhered to. This decision appeared to please the multitude and Williams returned to his place in the ring. This interruption lasted about ten minutes.

43. As both parties came into the middle of the ring, Ryan's friends shouted out to Williams, "show your hands!" "Open your hands!" Williams thereupon immediately, and with a look of anger, spread open his hands to show they contained nothing hid.

43 to 52. These rounds were very similar, Williams getting a little the best of it, Ryan being general receiver, and in turn, resorting to the drop game.

53. A large number of severe blows—Williams receiving them on the ribs and Ryan on his cheeks. Ryan fell badly, and Williams, instead of being carried to his corner by his seconds, walked there.

54 to 112. These rounds were very similar in character, although for the most part, they were in favor of Williams.

113. At this round one of the referees, W. O. C. Donnell, wished to stop the fight for fear there would be killing; but the spectators all cried, "No, let them fight it out." "It won't take long." Williams fell.

114. After some severe ribbing Williams dropped.

115. Williams all alive, and after knocking Ryan down walked to his corner.

116. Ryan fell down badly hurt, and when time for the 117th round was called his seconds threw up his sponge, and Williams was declared the victor after fighting two hours and twenty minutes.

REMARKS.

In the first part of the fight Williams was always the last to leave his corner at the cry of "time" by the judges; but towards the last of the fight he was very prompt in pushing him forward, and crying out to Ryan's seconds, "let us go on!"

In the beginning of the fight Williams received the severest punishment and appeared to be very hard knocked and act only on the defensive; but he changed tactics towards the termination of the battle. Williams appeared to have more action and durability; but Ryan seemed to have more spirit and science. The affair was conducted with a good feeling on the part of the spectators.

SPARRING.

HEENAN'S PROGRESS.—We have received the following letter, giving a few particulars of the "Boy's" recent doings.—DAYTON, Dec. 10, 1860.—FRIEND QUERRY.—The quiet little city of Dayton, this morning is rather in a state of excitement, and the people are moving about as though there was some great thing at hand. They have all come out to get a sight at the great American champion, John C. Heenan, who is about of the age of our Indian prince, and is a crowd of spectators, all expecting to get a glimpse of the "Boy," when he gets out of the cars. The train arrives on time, every one rushes up to the cars; but to the disappointment of the many who were here to welcome the stranger, he was not to be found. They looked as though they had lost their best friend; but the crowd felt much relieved when they saw the "Boy" in the distance, and when they saw that Heenan would be here on the 15th of P. M. train that evening. We then returned to the Hotel de Phillips, where we found the crowd as large as at the depot, awaiting his arrival at the hotel. In a few minutes we heard the sound of martial music; we stepped out on the balcony, when we beheld Capt. Tyler, with company A of Cadets, marching up Main street. He halted in front of the hotel, when the company went through some very fine evolutions. They are well drilled, and the Capt. deserves much credit for his labor, as a military man. At 5 P. M. the crowd around the hotel became immense. Half an hour later the champion arrived; he could scarcely get out of the stage, and into the house, the outside pressure was so hard on him. At seven o'clock he went to the place of exhibition, which was at Hunter's Hall. When we entered the hall we could hardly get a seat, and in a few minutes the house was crammed full. A band of music was in attendance. The performances commenced with the strong man, M. Greigore, who was worthy of the many rounds of applause he received. Then came the introduction of the Messrs. Price, Nesbitt, and the other contestants.—Price appeared to have the best of Perkins. The next item was sparring, in which some amateurs, who did not misbehave. The long looked for affair finally came off between Heenan and Jones. When Heenan made his appearance on the stage, there was a roar of applause. The party leave here to-morrow for Cincinnati, where I hope they will meet with success. Of it and it may be said, that he carries with him from Dayton the best wishes of many new friends and of the citizens generally.

Yours, BUCKEY.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of William Dowd, of Brooklyn, and Jackson, of Australia, will take place at the City Assembly Rooms, on the evening of Monday, 31st inst., (New Year's Eve.) A large number of the fancy have promised to be on hand to assist, and the wind up will be given by the beneficiaries. Tickets of admission, 25 cents.

THE NATIONAL JEM FERRISMAN.—On Friday, 30th November, this straightforward little canine fancier was presented with a new silver cup, and a purse of sovereigns wherewith to purchase a gold watch. The presentation took place at Jew's own house, the Graham Arms, Graham street, Macleod's street North, City, after a capital spread, presided over by Mr. H. Brown, the originator of the tournament. The cup bore the following inscription:—"Presented to J. Ferriman by H. Brown, Esq. and a few friends, in token of their respect for his straightforward conduct as a canine fancier."

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT in the shape of a sparring exhibition is to be tendered to Harry Lazarus, by his numerous friends and pupils, at the Art Union Central Hall, 497 Broadway, on Tuesday evening, January 8th, further particulars of which will be given in our next.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

CHAMBERS AND WARD FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

It will be remembered that several months ago a challenge appeared in our paper alone from Joshua Ward, of Newburgh, New York, to the champion of the then pending match between Chambers and Ward for the Championship of the Thames. Chambers, after mature consideration of the challenge, and the circumstances inseparable from such a contest in foreign waters, has forwarded terms to Ward, which, if agreed to, will doubtless lead to a match.—Sporting Life.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

HURST, KING, AND MACE.—The gentleman who represents Sam Hurst, the present Champion, has called on us to say Hurst would not be fighting King to-morrow, but as he is nearer his own size, Mace, however, has put in his claim to the effect that he being first challenger, and having staked money, is entitled to precedence, and calls on Sam Hurst at once to give him \$10 and sign articles. Sam's representative has agreed to attend at our office on Thursday next, between twelve and one, to settle the matter.

Between two and three, both King and Mace and their representatives will be at our office, and the matter will be decided drawn up. This is the most satisfactory way of settling the affair which has now been quite long enough on the tapis.

Mace requests us to say he cannot meet Hurst's friends on Thursday, as this is the day on which he takes possession of his house.

The Old King John, however, has put Mace or one of his friends word to the effect that on Friday, between twelve and one, or on the following Thursday, at the same time.—Sporting Life.

THE SAYERS ANNUITY FUND.

The subscriptions forwarded to us for the ex Champion, in token of the estimation in which he is held by the public generally for the indomitable courage displayed in his last pugilistic encounter, were on Tuesday last handed over by us to the gentlemen who have kindly consented to act as trustees for Tom in the matter, and to lay out the money to the best advantage for Sayers during his lifetime, and his children after him. The money, which amounts to the extraordinary sum of £2,814, will be so secured that it cannot be touched by Tom's creditors, should he be so imprudent as to get himself involved, neither will Tom himself be able to assign away or anticipate his income. It is, however, expressly provided that in the event of his again entering the ring, the trustees shall at once devote the whole amount to the interests of his children, so that it will be seen that all future challenges will be utterly useless, and at the same time will rejoice more than we do ourselves. Tom Sayers, by his exploits in the P. R., even had the "Great International Prize Fight" (so called) been omitted, had already done quite enough for glory without seeking further honors in a field better left to younger and fresher men than himself. Tom is no longer in his prime, and could not expect, after the wear and tear he has undergone, to come time after time to support his claims to a position he so well maintained for three years. It is therefore, best as it is, and however he may look back with pride to his Friday, between twelve and one, or on the following Thursday, at the same time.—Sporting Life.

TURF NEWS FROM CHANTILLY.

THE SALE OF MONSIEUR D'AMONT'S STOCK.

Considering that sales of blood stock are unusual in France, one would have naturally supposed that such an important one as M

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK CLIPPER. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

GOING OUT.

Our present number is our last for the present year. In our next, the unit will stand at the top of our page in place of the cipher 0, and we shall have commenced—that is, speaking figuratively—another chapter in the story of our life, while the world at large will have turned a new leaf in the huge volume of its history and duration. In view of the present season, there are few of us so stolid as to be unimpressed by its suggestiveness. On the contrary, most of us, as it were instinctively, will be led to a retrospect of the year passing away, and to an imagining of what the year dawning will bring. This retrospect and this imagining will be of different complexities, just in the degree of circumstances—some gay, others gay. There will be gladness as well as regret for the bygone, hope as well as fear for the coming. In contemplation of all this, it is not to be wondered at, that a custom has arisen among our contemporaries, of saying something special to the occasion—a custom which we have no desire to break through, however different our observations may be, or however abstract the ground we may assume. A few days hence, for example, the farewell to 1866 and the welcome to 1867 will be chimed not alone by the bells of almost the entire of Christendom, but by the editorials in newspapers belonging to the same wide domain. By most of these, public events will be disposed of in a summary, and particular organs will discuss particular things, as the surest guarantees of the general good. Men in prominent places will be maligned and commended in turn; proposals will be submitted; and as a finish, something very melancholy will be said about the transitory nature of time and man, and the vanity of all mundane things. It is not our intention to follow this example. No, we shall neither revert to the "state of the nation," nor attempt a requiem over the departing year, in the few observations it is our desire to make on the present occasion. For the waning year, it will be sufficient if we deem as that with an affectionate farewell, while we hold out the hand of welcome to its young successor, and much more appropriate, we think, in view of the speciality of our paper, if we refer to a few of the things which find an advocacy in these columns. These, we need scarcely say, concentrate themselves in the physical and mental well-being of the masses. Of all things upon this earth, man is confessedly the chief or prime—in bodily formation, "low like an angel, in comprehension how like a God!" as one of our great writers has said. But to be thus excellent, man must co-operate with nature, bringing to the conservation of the gifts vouchsafed to him, the requisite endeavor, without which he may degenerate to weakness and imbecility. By a neglect in this direction, thousands of men with goodly organizations of body and of mind, have become the opposite in each respect, while, with the care we advise, thousands who come into the world without a tittle of these advantages, have become examples of health and intelligence. These facts granted, the questions will arise, by what means are these good results to be obtained? How are the benefits of mind and body to be preserved? How, when not vouchsafed in plenty, to be increased? We answer, by judicious training. Let there be a regimen for the body, let there be one also for the mind—each exclusive in itself and operation. For the body, exercise in all seasons, and on the two elements, earth and water, where the third, air, may visit the cheek, in the gentleness of its summer, and the rudeness of its winter breath. For the mind, the regular but never tedious pursuit of knowledge. In this latter respect, how much better off are we than our grandfathers, to whom, if they were not wealthy, books were a luxury, while to a yet more remote generation, even though wealthy, they were unknown! To us, however, books are almost as common as the air we breathe, and to our mental good, quite as necessary as exercise is to our body. With books and exercise then, how easy it is for all of us to become what men should be! These are essentials in every season, and may be varied so as to best suit the same. Even winter, the season now with us, invites to a participation in these, quite as much as does the summer, and nobody can have a more pleasant retrospect of the past year than the knowledge he retains of having availed himself of the facilities offered in the direction specified; none a better anticipation for the new year than in the hope of continuing in the good way already commenced.

LADY FASHION DEAD.—We learn through the medium of *The Rock River Democrat*, that this old, and, in her day, very celebrated piece of horse flesh, is dead, and undoubtedly is in horse heaven; at least, she ought to be there, for she has done much to entitle her to comfortable quarters on the other side of the river Styx. She died at the farm of C. Russell, in Ogle County, Ill., and was supposed to be about 30 years of age. She is said to have been the first animal that knocked the splinters off the seconds under 2.30, and for some time was mistress of the trotting turf. H. P. Stockton, of Rockport, owned her, and only last fall, at the County Fair held there, Mr. S. drove her a mile in 2.52, and she did it in handsome style, though stone blind.

WELCOME HOME.—Mr. Rarcy, the horse trader, whose reputation is world wide, and whose return to this country after a most brilliant career in his specialty, in Europe, we recently announced, reached Columbus, Ohio, on the 15th inst., and took rooms at the American Hotel, where he met with a warm welcome from a large number of his friends and acquaintances. Mr. Rarcy is quite at home in Columbus, his residence being at Groveport, about twelve miles from that city. He will, probably, give his fellow citizens an early opportunity of witnessing his abilities in subduing vicious horses.

BE CAREFUL.—As the skating season is now well inaugurated, we would caution those who in their enthusiasm for the exhilarating sport, not to forget that although it is a source of great pleasure, that there is also some danger attending it. Keep your eyes well open for, and avoid all doubtful places in the ice, for it is very difficult for others to help you, or to help yourself even, when you have fallen through. Here is a melancholy case in point:—

Herbert Bowen, son of N. C. Bowen, of Norwich, Conn., was drowned in that city on the 15th inst., while skating down the river. After breaking through the ice he lay on his back as long as he could, when, losing his hold, he cried to his companions—"Good bye, boys. Lord bless me! Tell my mother—and with the sentence unfinished he was drawn under the ice by the current. His body was recovered Sunday afternoon."

MAIL CLAD VESSELS.—Our courses on the other side of the water have not yet discarded the teachings of the Circumnavigation Office, as witness the following:—

"At the eleventh hour (says the *Army and Navy Gazette*), after more than \$200,000 sterling has been spent upon building the gigantic armor-plated ship *Warrior*, the Lords of the Admiralty have discovered that she is not the description of vessel that was combined stability with invulnerability; but, after skipping the works for two whole days, pending the deliberations which were being held at Whitehall on the subject, the following decision was arrived at:—She is not the vessel we could wish for, but, after laying out so much money upon her, it will be as well to see what can be made of her." So, in accordance with the resolution, the company in whose yard the ship is building, have been urged to use every possible exertion to get the ship into the water before the end of the year. Thus, while we are wasting our energies upon the doubtful experiment, the Emperor of the French has tested his *La Gloire*, the performance of which have been again repeated as having given great satisfaction, and is quietly but rapidly constructing several other vessels on a similar plan."

An "expenditure of more than \$250,000 in an almost useless ship." When will friend John begin to reconsider at the right point?

THE STAGE.

Under this brief caption, a contemporary publishes some very appropriate remarks, which, as the reader will perceive, we annex. It is evident that the writer, whoever he is, has studied his subject thoroughly, and brought to bear a mind unfeigned by prejudice. We cordially recommend the perusal of the article:—

"How true is the remark that all the world's a stage, and the men and women who are merely players. The drama of every day life, with its numerous acts, exhibits scenes calculated to exert an influence on the minds and thoughts of countless numbers of ever moving, ever busy, thinking beings, compared to which the mimic scenes of the theatre seem trifling and insignificant. There are those in the world who know little of what is going on around them, who have no idea in fact of the joys or sorrows of their fellow-men. They are good, easy souls, who believe that it is only required of them to pay their bills, attend their particular church, and of course everything will turn out well with them. What is a good rule for them, they think ought to be a good rule for other people, and to the extent of their influence they strive to have it adopted. Such people frown upon the stage, not thinking that if they kept their eyes open, the world itself would present scenes to their astonished vision which might well elicit ejaculations of surprise. They discourage the inclinations of their friends and acquaintances to attend the theatre, and by so doing, in the opinion of many sensible people, discourage an institution which, if well patronized and properly managed, would be one of the most efficacious instruments for promoting the welfare of the people. We are not among those who believe in qualified commendations upon theatres, managers, actors, and all concerned in them. But we do not, on the other hand, believe in unqualified condemnation for the reason that many objectionable features are too often apparent. We have nothing good that is perfect, and if we should condemn everything, that is good because there is something bad about it, we should rule out of society some of the best elements. Anything that can stir the mind in favor of right action; anything that can arouse the noblest impulses of the human heart; anything that can awaken nobler sympathies; anything that can relieve the monotony of daily care; anything that serves to make a man less morose and more generous, surely must be called good, no matter if in producing these effects something hideous should now and then discover itself. Men more recreation and rational amusement, and they will have it. It only remains, then, for those who would provide it, to call the fairest flowers of dramatic literature, and offer them in fitting guise to the patronage of the people. We derive pleasure from the fact that much of the objected to theatre-going has been removed, that people can now attend a dramatic representation without the fear that they may be surrounded by objectionable company, and with a conviction that the lessons to be learned will produce an impression calculated to elevate and refine. Who can listen to the careful reading of an actor, who has a natural aptitude for his vocation, who has cultivated his faculties, and studied the part he essays, without acknowledging the power of language, and the almost indescribable effect it produces when delivered with the greatest skill and conviction? View the stage as we may, the good which it can do and does do, ought to be acknowledged. There is evil enough connected with it to be sure, but if those who manage theatrical representations could receive proper encouragement the greater part, if not all the evil would disappear. Much depends upon the character of the patrons, and if those sensible and reasonable people who admit that the stage might be made to do the greatest good to the world, and moral welfare of the world, would lend to it more countenance, we should soon find the elegant temples which have been dedicated to the purpose of the drama really answering the demands of an enlightened and progressive community."

M. BERGER IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—This justly celebrated billiard player, hailing from La Bile France, has been showing the citizens of Providence how the cue should be handled. On the 4th inst., he and Mr. Thomas measured their respective abilities with that instrument, with what result, the following from a correspondent will explain:—

PROVIDENCE, December 15th, 1866. FRANK KOLBE.—Dear Sir: The city of Providence, not to be behind their neighboring city, Boston, has had to visit from the great billiard player, M. Berger, who, however, is not Mr. J. B. Whipple, proprietor of the rooms at No. 33, Westminster street, for our entertainment. Finding that Mr. Berger would pass us by, on account of an apprehended lack of pecuniary inducement, Mr. Whipple promptly tendered to him the use of his rooms, free of charge, for such exhibitions as he might wish to give, and made all the necessary arrangements for the convenience of spectators at his own expense. The announcement of the arrival of M. Berger called together a large and appreciative assembly at the above named rooms, on the evening of the 4th inst., to witness the first exhibition. At precisely 8 o'clock M. Berger commenced the French three-ball carom game, 100 points, and when we covered the table with the American carom table, with Phelan's combination balls, and the balls exact 2 1/2 inches in diameter, being those brought by M. Berger. As a good billiard player can best understand the strength of the game played from an examination of the scores, I append them:—

THOMAS.	BERGER.	THOMAS.	BERGER.
No. of balls.	Score.	No. of balls.	Score.
1. 2	22	1. 21	1 47
2. 1	3	2. 3	28
3. 4	7	3. 2	28
4. 2	9	4. 0	26
5. 0	9	5. 2	26
6. 3	12	6. 0	26
7. 0	12	7. 0	26
8. 0	12	8. 0	26
9. 0	12	9. 0	26
10. 1	13	10. 0	29
11. 1	14	11. 4	33
12. 0	14	12. 0	29
13. 0	14	13. 0	29
14. 3	17	14. 7	35
15. 0	17	15. 2	37
16. 0	17	16. 2	37
17. 1	18	17. 4	38
18. 0	18	18. 0	38
19. 0	18	19. 2	40
20. 0	18	20. 1	40
21. 2	20	21. 0	40

From an examination of the score it will be seen that both parties played with a view to safety in case of a failure to count. The game was well contested by Mr. Thomas, and when we covered the table he had never struck the balls furnished by M. Berger before the game commenced, and that the size of those he is accustomed to use is "2 1/2 inches in diameter, it must be conceded that he is one of the "best amateurs" in the country. Had the game been discount Mr. Thomas must have made a much larger score and eclipsed the brilliant Amateur, M. Berger, as it is the only lack of 5 of Mr. Howe's score, and beats the even up game of Mr. Bromont 16 points. It is said that M. Berger at the conclusion of the game remarked to his interpreter that for one who makes no pretensions Mr. Thomas is the best amateur player he has met with in this country. We were gratified with a second exhibition by M. Berger on the following evening, on which he brought up to the military profession, and to the gentlemen of this city, winning the game in 53 strokes, his opponent scoring 23. Yours, &c.

FOOT RACING.—In the middle ages this diversion was much in favor, and considered an essential part of a young man's education, especially if of rank, and brought up to the military profession. It is probable that originally they had no other incentive than emulation, or at best the prospect of some small reward; in process of time, however, these rewards were magnified, and contests of this kind were instituted as public amusements. The ground was appointed and marked out, judges elected to decide upon the fairness of the race, to ascertain the winner, and to bestow the reward. Two centuries back running was considered an exercise by no means derogatory to the rank of nobility; but like many other manly and healthful exercises, it has long been on the decline, and is now little practiced except by the lower classes.

RECIPE FOR CLEANING DUCKS, GREEN, &c.—During the hot days of summer large quantities of the feathered tribe are sacrificed on the altar of appetite, and as it is no inconsiderable job to strip them of their feathers, housewives who read the *Clipper* will thank us for posting them how to do it with less labor. After cleaning your duck or goose, hold or domestic, you always find pin feathers sticking out from them. The latter is usually singed off, and the former is got rid of by the tedious process of picking. To obviate all this, after your fowl is nicely plucked, take a table spoonful of finely powdered resin, and rub it over it; then pour boiling water over it, when, by rubbing with your hand, a fine scale comes off, bringing with it all the pin and pin feathers, and leaves the fowl clean as a new laid egg. Try it.

A BIG SCARE.—The editor of a Louisiana paper thus describes a sporting expedition in which he had recently been engaged:—"On a recent camp hunt on Lake Bateau, we killed at one shot, sixteen large mallard ducks, and carried 1166 more, so terribly that we have no idea what they have come to. I don't yet know what is strange of all, it was not a good day for ducks, and our gun was not charged particularly well, and made 'long fire.' For this statement we refer, by permission, to Parson William Lackey, late of Georgia, who was an eye witness."

CANNY SAGACITY.—A dog taken from Mobile to Kentucky found his way home from Louisville to Randolph, crossing the Mississippi and one of two other rivers.

BOXING ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE.—Doesticks, in one of his facetious articles in *The New York Mercury*, gives the following paragraph, descriptive of a set to between B. shop Hughes and Henry Ward Beecher:—"Round First and Last:—Beecher led with his Fore-ordination, following it up heavily with his Election, and was prettily countered by John with his Purgatorial Atonement, and his Communion of Saints. Brother B. was staggered, but came manfully up and let fly his Free Agency, and again made an incoherent hit with his Fore-ordination. John instantly crossed countered with his Apostolic Succession, sending Henry to grass; and then before the seconds could interfere, the Archbishop fell upon the prostrate Beecher, and pommelled him with all the traditions of the Church, hitting him especially hard with his Transubstantiation, and giving him severe punches in the wind with his Immaculate Conception, his Consolation of Bishops, and Colliery of the Clergy. Brother Henry Ward was soon satisfied with this laying on of Hands, and made Auricular Confession that he'd got enough. Both were taken away much blown, but the battle will be renewed when both are in better 'training.'"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

READY FOR ORDERS.—We are now ready to fill all orders for Beadle's "Dime Chess Instructor," by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq. The book, on appearance, more than answers any expectations, in all the points of quantity, quality and good looks, that could reasonably be expected. It is better than we at first supposed, and by mail (U. S.) for One Dollar! If you wish to know how this can be done, ask Mr. Beadle—we can't tell you. Certes, never before in the history of the game was such a ton of cents' worth proposed to the amateurs. 18 mo. pp. 80.

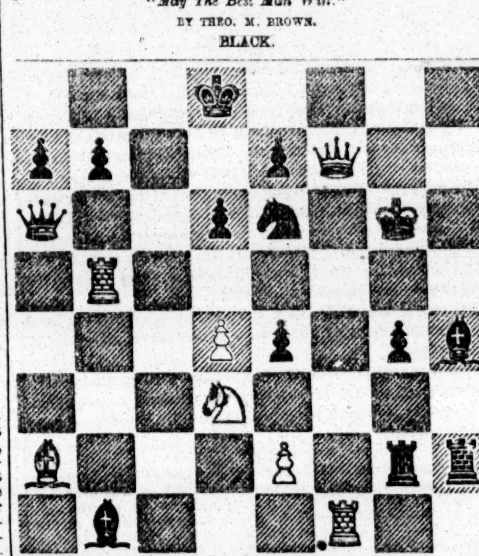
HARR KOLBE is now at Dundee, on a visit to the Chess Club at that place. There is some talk of his reappearance in Manchester, to contest a little match with Mr. Stanley. A proposition to this end has been made to Harr K. with the proviso that he should give the odds of allowing his opponent to score the drawn games, but this suggestion has been declined by Harr Kolbe.

ENIGMA No. 256.

BY HERR ALPHONSE BECK. From Bell's Life—Fine and Dignified. At his B. K. K. 13, Q. 3, K. 13, K. 3, K. 4, Q. 5, Q. K. 13. White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 256.—TOURNAMENT No. 71.

"May The Best Man Win." BY THRO. M. BROWN. BLACK.



White to play and give mate in eight moves.

GAME No. 256.

Recently contested at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between our contributor Otto E. Michels and Messrs. Chamier and Brenzinger, in consultation.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
1. P-K4	P-K4	16. Kt to Q2	Kt to K3
2. K-K3	P-K3	17. K-K2	P-K4(a)
3. K-B4	P-Q3	18. P-K5	P-K4
4. K-B4	K-K3	19. P-K5	P-K4
5. P-Q4	P-K4	20. P-K4	P-K4
6. Castles	P-Q4	21. R-K4	P-K4
7. B-Q3	P-Q4	22. Q-K4	P-K4
8. Kt-K3	P-K4	23. K-K4	P-K4
9. P-K3	P-K4	24. K-K3	P-K4
10. P-K3	P-K4	25. K-K4	P-K4
11. P-Q3	P-K4	26. K-K4	P-K4
12. B-Q2	P-K4	27. K-K4	P-K4
13. B-Q3	P-K4	28. K-K4	P-K4
14. P-K4	P-K4	29. K-K4	P-K4
15. Q-K4	P-K4	30. K-K4	P-K4

Notes by our Contributor.

- (a) Certainly, this is not a good move; but the game of the allies is already seriously compromised.
- (b) They have no better move.
- (c) This is the best move.
- (d) Forced—and so is his game.

Our contributor P. Richardson gives the odds of Q. R.

Richardson.	Amateur.	Richardson.	Amateur.
1. P-K4	P-K4	9. P-K4	P-K4
2. P-K4	P-K4	10. P-K4	P-K4
3. K-B4	P-K4	11. P-K4	P-K4
4. K-B4	P-K4	12. P-K4	P-K4
5. P-K4	P-K4	13. P-K4	P-K4
6. P-K4	P-K4	14. P-K4	P-K4
7. K-K3	P-K4	15. K-K3	P-K4
8. Q-B2	P-K4	16. K-K3	P-K4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHTS PLAYER.—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUINN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 59 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. J., New York.—One of your favors appear, this week. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

H. Spayth, Buffalo, N. Y.—Another "served up" this week, as you will perceive.

Nemo, Princeton, N. J.—We give your remarks this week.

CARD.—Nov. 10, 1866.—DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER.—I enclose some remarks on Games of Vol. 8th, which I wish to lay before their authors:—

No. 2 is a win for White at the end; 3 8 for 14, at 14th, would draw.

Glasgow Chappin's solution of E. Hall's prize set is wrong, since 10 15 for 14, at 21st, would win for White.

No. 6, at 10th move, 8 11 for 9 and Black wins. See Anderson's 2d Maid of the Mill, Var. 18 at 4th move. It must be very instructive to "Rob Key" to show so many errors in the game of the critique of such stars as Hamilton or K. N.

No. 11, by Mars, is the same as Game 15, Vol. 4. By Know Nothing.

No. 16 could have been won by Black, at the 5th, by 14 18 for 6 10; while 18 16 for 19 15, at 5th, would win for White immediately.

In No. 16, by Mars, I think White's 7th, 25 22 loses; Black could win easily at 9th, with 5 9 for 7 10.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 68.—Vol. VIII.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 17 to 14	10 to 17	4. 18 to 14	9 to 18
2. 28 32	3 10	5. 27 32	18 27
3. 12 8	4 11	6. 32 23	and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' THIRD POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 7 to 10	9 to 13	2. 14 to 10.	Drawn.
2. 10 14	13 9		

GAME No. 53.—Vol. VIII. OLD FORTNEIGHT.

Communicated by H. Spayth, Esq.

McKerrow.	Marling.	McKerrow.	Marling.
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 16	23 to 10	21. 31 to 27	19 to 15
2. 8 11	22 17	22. 8 11	7 to 16
3. 4 8	25 22	23. 18 23	17 16
4. 15 18	22 16	24. 23 26	30 23
5. 11 13	17 18	25. 21 30	15 10
6. 7 11	24 20	26. 8 16	11 18
7. 2 7	28 24	27. 30 28	12 6
8. 10 14	29 26	28. 26 19	17 14
9. 7 10	26 23	29. 10 16	13 15
10. 3 7	31 26	30. 16 11	2 2
11. 14 17	28 14	31. 11 7	13 16
12. 9 18	21 14	32. 27 23	6 2
13. 10 17	22 18	33. 7 3	2 8
14. 17 21	19 15	34. 8 7	2 6
15. 5 9	26 22	35. 7 3	23 10
16. 12 16	27 23	36. 3 8	24 24
17. 18 27	22 17	37. 23 27	20 16
18. 11 18	20 2	38. 27 23	16 11
19. 1 5	24 10	39. 8 12	14 9
20. 27 31	2 7	40. 5 14	10 17

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DISTANCE.

Black.—(G. M. B.)	White.—(D.)
1. 18 19	

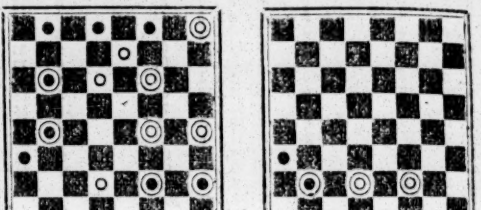
BETWEEN MARY L. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black.—Mary.	White.—Non Nemo.
2. 15 22	26 18
3. 8 11	

POSITION No. 69.—Vol. VIII. THE 4TH POSITION OF STURGES.

By J. A. J., of New York.

BLACK.



White to move and win.

WHITE.

Either to move, White to win.

BALL PLAY.

EUREKA BASE BALL CLUB AVERAGES.—We append the averages and scores of matches played by the first nine of the Eureka Club, of Newark, N. J., for the year 1866. Organized January 21st, 1866.

Names.	Matches Played.	Runs Made.	Runs Allowed.	Wins.	Losses.	Draws.
E. Pennington	10	29	2.9	3.0	0	4
R. Davidson	9	24	2.6	2.6	2.7	0
G. Rogers	8	27	3.3	1.7	2.1	0
J. Linsen	10	31	3.1	2.2	2.6	0
H. Northrop	10	31	3.1	2.2	2.6	0
T. Oliver	8	25	3.1	1.6	2.0	0
C. Thomas	8	26	3.2	1.4	1.6	0
J. Collins	10	27	2.7	2.4	2.4	0
C. Van Houten	7	27	3.8	1.4	2.0	0
H. Briantall	5	13	3.3	1.2	1.2	0
A. Littlewood	3	3	2.0	0	3.0	0
E. Benedict	1	0	0	0	0	1
T. Price	1	0	0	0	0	1
E. Thomas	1	3	3	2	2	0
R. Baldwin	1	2	2	0	3	0
R. Eldred	1	4	4	0	0	0

Games played by the Eureka Base Ball Club, giving account of game, when and where played.

Hamilton, Jersey City, Newark, June 7, 1866. Lost—Score 25 15.

Hadron, 1st game, Newark, June 29, 1866. Lost—Score 21 15.

Hadron,

THE FENCING BOUT.

BY W. O'CONNOR.

Presently, while they were on their guard, Palmer was wrong again—this time in his posture. Bagasse, smiling politely, lowered his point, whereas, Palmer, with immense haste, lunged in, and triumphantly bent his foil on the breast of the fencing master, who, of course, made no effort to ward. The young mercantile set up a cry of bravo. Monsieur Bagasse made a grimace, and limping off to the old claret can, gulped a mouthful and came hurrying back. Palmer, instead of being himself on guard, thrilling with vanity, and confident of getting ahead of his fencing master.

"See, now, Mises Palmer," said the old man, with great vivacity, smiling good naturedly as he spoke; "you parry now—it is simple, quack, and, therefore, va-ry, va-ry easy. Hey, now! Hey, now! Hey, now! Hey, now! Four!"

Quickly, at every exclamation, Monsieur Bagasse bent his foil almost double on the breast of his antagonist. Bagasse stood grinning at him; and lowered his point. Palmer, instead of making a desperate lunge at the unguarded breast, and at the same instant found that his foil had flown out of his hand, and that the blade of Bagasse was resting in a firm curve on his bosom.

"How many men could you fight together, Monsieur?" asked Palmer.

"Met I fight you all! Every one. Together," replied the Frenchman.

"Mawdoo!" ejaculated Palmer. "Isn't he Trump?"

"Come, Bagasse, that will do for the marines," said Wentworth. "You can't do it."

"Ah, Sir," replied the fencing master, "you zink not? Bah! Come, I show you."

In a minute he had seven or eight of them, Wentworth, Vukovich, Palmer, and Fish, included, masked and foiled. Then putting his back to the wall, he directed them to set upon him. It was agreed that if he was touched, the contest was to end there. On the other hand, every combatant touched was to withdraw.

"Paradoo!" cried the fencing master, and he was off.

"Mawdoo! It is fine!" returned Fish in domestic French and English.

Monsieur Bagasse stood girt with antagonists, his foil playing like a pale gleam, menacing them all. Suddenly it darted—there was a brisk clatter of parries—and Vukovich was touched.

"He keeps very quick," he observed to Harrington.

"Ah, Captain," replied Harrington, "but your ghost can fence better than most of us still."

Meanwhile, amidst shouts and laughter and noisy appeals and glides, the young men were assailing Bagasse, trying all sorts of feints and tricks to penetrate his guard. Harrington watched him admiringly—so statue still in the tumultuous press, his awkwardness and shabbiness gone, the wire globe of the mask larger and more gleaming to his head, his bent arm holding his assailants at bay, and the pale gleam of the foil glancing nimbly all about the arc of the ring. Presently the guarded foil whirled and rattled with a confusion of brilliant coruscations, playing like eld's lightning all around the semicircle—the bent arm of the invincible figure at which all were staring, straight and motionless, rapid as a flash—and amidst much groaning and cries and laughter, Wentworth, Fish, and Palmer withdrew. Before they had got the masks off their flushed faces, the others were all touched and followed them, leaving Monsieur Bagasse standing alone, erect and martial, his one eye glowing like a coal in the proud grotesque smile of his swarthy visage, his arm akimbo, holding his mask on his hip, and the victorious foil aloft in his right hand, and quivering above his head like a rod of windy lustre.

There were loud bravos and clapping of hands. The next instant the statue of military triumph dropped into the clumsy, sloven figure of Bagasse, and bobbed off to the claret can.

"Well, Mises Wentworth, what you zink now?"

"Think you could have let Harrington come on too, and then have beaten us all?"

"Ah, no, not via Mises Harrington."

"Come, Meester Hayton," said Vukovich; "You an' Monsieur Bagasse. Oblise me and dese sentience."

At once there was a clamor of beseechings, to which the parties assailed, in turn, yielded, with a broken cry of "parry," and performing the beautiful elaborate salute of excuse, foil upon guard.

The contest was begun by a feint quick and light, and in a second it was pass and parry with a rapturous flash and clash of steel. Presently the right foot of Bagasse beat the floor with the loud rat-tat of the appel, and foot and arm and body sprang forward with a terrific lunge. Harrington, immovable as a pillar, met it with a swift twist of the wrist, and the next second both combatants were still, their foils locked in a complete spiral from hills to point.

Disengaging presently, the combatants saluted amidst suppressed applause, crossed blades once more, and stood with each point seeking an opening. In a moment or two Bagasse feinted again, and lunged in twice. Harrington parried in second, letting his point up and his arm extend in the parry, and pushing home his foil became a curve with the button resting on the bosom of the fencing master.

It was the first hit, and everybody burrahed. Presently the hurrah burst forth for Bagasse, who had hit Harrington. In less than five minutes the combat grew almost as exciting as a duel with pistols. To follow the dazzling rapidity of the lunge and parry, and becoming impossible. The gazers could only see a nimble play of rattling light between the two—the lines of the foils lost in curves and gleams of brilliance—and the gloved hands of the antagonists flying like twirling and darting shuttles above the clashing coruscations. Bagasse, throwing his whole dervish nature into the soul entrancing combat, brought his foe to the ecstasy of seeing the lunge and parry, and with exulting shouts and cries—a darting, savage figure, terribly alert and alive with the spring and strength of fury. Harrington on the contrary, was as silent as death, impassive, elastic, swift—a regnant form of muscular grace poised in superb aplomb, that fell to half its height in long lunges, and rose magnificent in quick recovery. An atmosphere of fiery elation came to envelop the combatants, spreading its glorious delirium through the veins of the gazers, and kindling the delight of battle in their eyes.

Wentworth, beginning to feel his agitation master him, was on the point of shouting to Harrington to stop, when there was a sharp snap, a sudden silence, and the combat was over. Bagasse, panting and glowing with the ecstasy of seeing the lunge and parry, and in his attitude, like one awakened from a dream. The next instant, Bagasse broke silence with a wild shout, and throwing away mask and foil, flung his arms around Harrington in joyful embrace.

Poems PROSE.—Behold the lady, young and fair, mark well her jet and glossy hair! her brow and neck, and hands, how white! no Tan or Pimples mar the sight. So clear and soft, and smooth her skin—a veil of gauze is scarce as this! while underneath the blue veins clear, in threads of azure, all appear, and pray mark well her rosy cheek, and lips that seem of love to speak. Quenkte in mien she treads the Earth, as though the Air had given her birth. She was not always fair as now, Tanned were her hands, and neck and brow; Red was her hair; her skin was sore with pimples, and a Freckled over; her cheek with sun burns seemed quid varnished her upper lip with hair was garnished! If this be true "Thy passing strange?" Know you what wrought this wondrous change? Yea, Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap removed the Tan, Pimples and Freckles; his Poudres Subtiles removed the Superfluous hair; his Hair Dye changed the color of her hair; while his Liquid Rous imparted that resate tinge to her cheek which you so much admired. These with many other valuable cosmetics, may be obtained at Dr. Gouraud's, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; and of Callender & Co.'s, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia.

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